

GAGAKU

the birds
feed
off my
drumskin

the cat seems
relaxed

he yawns

I rub my
tummy
continue
this poem

here
come beings
angels? demons?
serpentine
their way
here

wearing white satin
black shining satin
too

shining gowns
here they come
holding
candles and
melons

a feast?
sure for my vision
they spill wet wax drops
one at a time
onto the melon
yellow melon

green round melon
honeydew
some ripe
some not

wax on melons
dripping over the side
to the pavement
down to the grey sidewalk
what could be

important about this?